

Price \$5.00 A Year, in Advance. **YOUTH** Whole Number

fraud, "that because she never makes mis-

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Young, aged 31 years.

about the names of books and can talk about them, but she's wonderful! I hate to say that I never can remember the names of things, but I don't care—I'm not going to set up for a Joan of Arc.

Milly could not see what connection there was between the names of books and a woman who resembled a certain actress, and she looked on with a blank face.

"Then, you're laughing at me?" cried Maud, ready to go into a fit of the blues without loss of time.

"I was laughing at learned ladies," asserted Maud; "you know I couldn't be one if I tried."

"But you are as bright," said Maud seriously; "you say such witty things to people, and mamma says you are so high bred."

"She might have added more without exaggeration, but to give Milly credit for beauty was further than Maud's magnanimity could carry her."

"When you have been in society a little, all these things will come to you," returned Milly good-naturedly.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Maud, by means disinterested with herself in spite of her envy of her cousin. "I think my will be different altogether from yours."

There could be no doubt of the mind of any one who saw the pair.

"I'll go to Newport in spite of continued Maud; "you know you can visit somebody, or you before that, I suppose."

"I mean to have one of my own narrow room, and I'll have three."

Milly looked at her cousin, but she could not say a word.

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One-and-twenty years after the pastor, Soren Qvist, of Veilby, had been accused, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder of his serving-man, an old beggarman applied for alms to the people of Aaloe, the parish adjoining to Veilby. Suspicion was aroused by the exact likeness the beggarman bore to Morten Bruns, of Ingvistrup, who had lately died, and also by the curious and anxious inquiries the man made concerning events long past. The pastor of Aaloe, who had buried Morten Bruns, took the vengeance to his paragon, and there the fellow, all unconscious of the portentous nature of the admission, acknowledged that he was Niels Bruns, the very man for whose supposed murder the pastor had suffered the shameful death of a criminal. Had his brother Morten survived him, it is pretty certain the truth, concealed so long, had never been known, as Niels had only returned to the district in the hope of preying by Morten's death, the news of which had accidentally reached him. He professed—and, indeed, plainly experienced—the utmost horror on hearing the dreadful history of the pastor's

to weigh the too late. But the state-taken down, that on the said to have her daughter garden about nearly when they met a man carrying a sack on his back, who passed them and walked on in the direction of the garden. His face they could not see, inasmuch as it was concealed by the overhanging eaves; but as the moon was shining on his back, they could plainly see that he was clad in a pale green coat and a white nightcap. He disappeared near the pastor's garden hedge. No sooner did the pastor hear the evidence of the witness to this effect than his face turned of an ashy hue, and he cried out in a faltering voice, "I am fainting!" and was so prostrated by body that he had to be taken back to prison. There, after a period of severe suffering, to the intense astonishment of every one, he made, to his friend, the district magistrate who had first arrested him, the following strange confession:—"From my childhood, as far back as I can remember, I have ever been passionate, quarrelsome and proud—impatient of contradiction, and ever ready with a blow. Yet have I seldom let the sun go down on my wrath, nor have I borne ill-will to any one. When I had a slave in anger, I had left in my way. When, as a student, I went on foreign travel, I entered, on a slight provocation, into a brawl with a German youth in Leipzig, challenged him, and gave him a wound that endangered his life. For that deed I feel, I merit, that which has now come upon me after long years; but the punishment falls upon my sinful head with tenfold weight now that I am broken down with age, a clergyman, and a father. Oh, Father in heaven! it is here that the wound is deepest!"

After a pause of anguish, he continued:—"I will now confess the crime which no doubt I have committed, but of which I am, nevertheless, not fully conscious. That I struck the unhappy man with the spade I know full well, and have already confessed; whether it was with the fist side or with the sharp edge I could not in my passion discern; that he then fell down, and afterwards rose up and ran away—that is all that I know to a certainty. What follows—beaten help me!—four witnesses have seen; namely, that I fetched the spade from the wood and buried it; and that this must be substantially true I am obliged to believe, and I will tell you wherefore. Three or four times, in my life, that I know of, it has happened to me to walk in my sleep. The last time (about nine years ago), I was next day to preach a funeral sermon over the remains of a man who had unexpectedly met with a dreadful death. I was at a loss for a text, when the words of a wise man among the ancient Greeks suddenly occurred to me, 'Call no man happy until he is in his grave.' To use the words of a heathen for the text of a Christian discourse, was not, methought, seemly; but then I remembered that the same thought, expressed in well-nigh the same terms, was to be met with somewhere in the Apocrypha. I sought, and sought, but could not find the passage. It was late, I was weary by much previous labor; I therefore went to bed, and soon fell asleep. Greatly did I marvel the next morning when, on arising and seating myself at my writing desk, I saw before me, written in large letters on a piece of paper, 'Let no man be deemed happy before his end cometh (Syrrach xl. 34.)' But not this alone; I found likewise a funeral discourse—short, but as well written as any I had ever composed—and all in my own handwriting. In the chamber none other than I could have been. I knew, therefore, who it was that had written the discourse; and that it was no other than myself. Not more than half a year previous, I had in the same marvellous state, gone in the night time into the church, and fetched away a handkerchief which I had left in the chair behind the altar. Mark now—when the two witnesses this morning delivered their evidence before the court, then my previous sleep-walkings suddenly flashed across me; and I have likewise called to mind that in the morning after the night during which the corpse must have been buried, I had been surprised to see my dressing-gown lying on the floor just inside the door, whereas it was always my custom to hang it on a chair by my bedside. The unhappy victim of my unbridled passion must, in all likelihood, have fallen down dead in the wood; and I must in my sleep-walkings have followed him thither. Yes—the Lord have mercy!—so it was, so it must have been."

On the following day sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner—a sentence which many felt to be too severe, and which led to a friendly conspiracy on his behalf; and had it not been for his own refusal to be a party to anything unlawful, he might have escaped. The gaoler was gained over, and a fisherman had his boat in readiness for a flight to the Swedish coast, where he would have been beyond the reach of danger. But Soren Qvist refused to flee. He lodged, he said, for death, and he would not add a new stain to his reputation by a futile flight. He maintained his strength of mind to the last, and from the scaffold he addressed to the bystanders a

fresh men (few though they were) worked
in their places, and they themselves were
starving.

The feeling against these new men was bitter enough; it was for more bitter against the small number of old workmen who had gone back again. We are told that the heart of men is doubtful and desperately wicked; our own experience shows us that it is desperately selfish. They saw the employed men doing the work that was once theirs; they saw them with good, strong arms, and food to eat. They themselves had neither arms nor food; and the work they had not done, it would not have seemed so hard had the work been altogether in abeyance, or taken itself off from the place entirely; but to see these others doing it, and living in comfort, was more than mortal temper could brook. Only to watch the workmen going home regularly to their meals, while they had no means to go to, was dreadful.

This was not all. The men, using some things in the external world with a jaundiced eye—yellow as ever was poor Arthur Bohun's when he was the actual disease—held to it that the fact of these others having taken work again, was the cause that kept themselves out of it. Richard North and he came to, they said, but for these others what had went smacking back again to look his hand. They called them worse names than that, but there's no need of repetition. "If all on us had held out, Dick North must have given in." And this they repeated so constantly in their ironies to another, that at last they got actually to believe it. It was quite wrong; and they were wholly mistaken; for had Richard North not begun again in the cautious way he did, and at the old rate of wages and time, he would not have recommenced at all; but the men refused to see this, and held to their notion, making it into a worse grievance than the lack of good. It is so convenient to have something substantial on which to rest blame; and unlimited power and permission to punch the obnoxious heads, would have afforded intense gratification. Oh, it was very hard to bear. To see this small knot of men re-established in work, and to know that it was their own work once, and might have been their still! Perching through hedges, hiding within doorways, standing sulkily or derisively in the open ground, they would watch the employed men going to and fro, the two policemen tramping by their side. Many a bitter word, many a crushed oath, many a silent threat was levelled at the small band. Murder has been done from a state of mind not half as bad as they cherished.

"What he is looking at, with them evil signs on your face!"

A group of malcontents, gazing out from a corner of North's kitchen at the daily procession, found this question suddenly coming into their ears. Mrs. Gass had stepped out of a dwelling close by, and put it. Their eyes were following the escorted line of men coming home to their twelve o'clock dinner, so that she had not been observed.

They turned to her, and their faces dropped the threatening expression. A man named Poole, not too well respected at the most prosperous of times and one of the worst of the malcontents since, took upon himself to answer. Boldly, too.

"We was a taking the measure of that small lot o' convicts, a wishing we could brand 'em."

"Ah," said Mrs. Gass. "It strikes me some of you have been wishing it before to-day. I'd like to give you a bit of advice, my men, and you specially, Poole. Take care you don't become convicts yourselves." "For two pence, I'd do what 'ad make me up," I'd do it to-day if others 'ud back me up," was the rejoinder of Poole, who was in a more defiant mood than even he dared to show. He was a big, thickest man, with shaggy light hair and a complexion of brick-dust. His clothes, originally fustian, had become worn, and torn, and jagged, and patched, and darned, until now they hardly held together; his clumsy shoes let in the water and the toes peeped out.

"You are a nice jai-bird, Poole. I don't think you ever were much better than one," added Mrs. Gass. To which candid avowal Poole only replied with a growl.

"These hard times be enough to make jai-birds of all us," interposed another—Foster, but speaking with civility. "Why don't the government come down and interfere, and prevent our work being took out of our hands by these branded rascals?" "You put the work out of your own hands," said Mrs. Gass. "As to interference, I should have thought you 'd had about enough of that, by this time. If you had not suffered them blessed Trades' Unions to interfere with you, my men, you'd have been in full work now, happy and contented as the day is long."

"What we did, we did for the best." "What you did, you did in defiance of common sense, and of the best counsels of your best friends," she said. "How many times did your master show you what the upshot would be if you persisted in throwing away your work?—how much bread did I waste over you, as I'm doing now, asking you all to avoid a strike—and, after the strike had come, day after day begging of you to end it? Could any picture be truer than mine was when I said what you'd bring yourselves to?—rage, and famine, and desolate houses. Could any plight be worse than this plight that you've dropped to?"

"No it couldn't," answered Foster. "It's so bad that I say government ought to interfere for us."

"If I was government, I should interfere on one point—and that's with them agitators and unionists," bravely spoke Mrs. Gass. "I should put them down a bit."

"This is a free country, ma'am," struck in Kettler, who made one of the group. "Well, I'd used to think it was, Kettler," she said; but old ways seem to be turned upside down. What sort of freedom do you enjoy just now?—how much have you had of it since you bound yourselves the sworn members of the Trades' Unions? You have wanted to work, and they've not let you; you'd be to be clothed and fed as you used to be, and to clothe and feed your folks at home, and they deny your exercising the means by which you may do it. What freedom or liberty is there in that?—come now, Kettler, tell me as a reasonable man."

"If the Trades' Unions could do as they wish, there'd be work and comfort for all of us."

"I doubt that, Kettler." "But they can't do it," added Kettler. "The masters be obstinate and won't let 'em."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Gass. "If the Trades' Unions held the world in their hands, and there was no such things as masters and capital, why then they might secure their own way. But the masters have their own interests to look after, their business and what's embarked in 'em to defend; and the two sides are totally opposed to one another, and all that comes of it or that will come of it

is squabbling. You lose your work, the masters lose their trade, the unionists fight it out fiercer than ever—and, between it all, the commerce of the country is coming to an end. Now, my men, that is the bare truth; and you can't alter it, if you try till midnight."

"I wouldn't be no longer much of a free country if the government put down the Trades' Unions," spoke a man satirically: one Castleton.

"But it ought to be put down, this arbitrary way they've got of preventing others working that want to work," maintained Mrs. Gass. "The unionists be your worst enemies. I'm speaking, as you know I have been all along, of the band among 'em that make laws for the rest; not of poor sheep like you that have joined the society in fashion. If these heads like to live without work themselves, and can point out a way by which others can live without it, well and good; there's no law against that, nor oughtn't to be; but what I say government ought to put down, is this—their forcing you men to reject work when it's offered you. It's a sin and a shame then, through them the country should be brought to imbecility, and you, its once free and brave workmen, to beggary."

"The thoughts has come over me at times that under the new state of things we are no better than slaves," confessed Kettler, his eyes wearing a dreamy look.

Mrs. Gass nearly executed a triumphant dance. "Now you've just said it, Kettler. Slaves. That's exactly what you are, and I wish to my heart all the workmen in England could open their eyes to it. You took a vow to obey the dictates of the Trades' Unions; it has bound you hand and foot, body and soul. If a job of work lay to your hand, you dare not take it up, the Union masters saying you shall not; no, not though you saw your little ones dying with famine before your eyes. It's the worst kind of slavery that ever fell on the land. Poor gangs used to be bad enough, but this beats 'em all hollow."

There was no reply from any one of them. Mrs. Gass had been a good friend to their families even recently, and the old habits of respect to her, their mistress, had away still. Perhaps some of them, too, silently assented to her reasoning.

"It's that much, the coercive interference, that I'd have put down," she resumed. "Let every workman be free to not on his own judgment, to take work, or to leave it. Not but what it's too late to say it: so far as I believe, the mischief has gone too far to be remedied."

"It's mighty fine for the masters to cry out and say the Trades' Unions is our enemies! Suppose we choose to call 'em our friends?"

The words came from Poole. He had been lounging against the wall in sullen defiance, smoking and spitting by turns, and sending the puffs of smoke into Mrs. Gass's bonnet; at any rate, taking no care that they did not get there. She did not mind smoke however; and she wore only her old black cloth to-day, with its crape flowers.

"Put it at that, Poole, if you like," said she equally. "The society's your good friend, let's say. How has it showed its friendship?" What has it done for you?"

Mr. Poole did not condescend to say. "It's not so hard to answer, Poole. The proofs lie on the surface, there's not one of you here but may read 'em off hand. It threw you all out of your good place of work that you had held for years under a good master, that you might have held, the chances were, up to the last day of your lives. It dismantled your homes and sent your things to the pawn shop—you may go and look at 'em now, ornamenting the walls and hooks at Duckett's. It has reduced you to a mouldy crust, where you'd used to have good joints of fat beef; it has took your warm shoes and coats away, and sends you abroad half naked. Your children are starving, some of them dead; your wives are worn out with trouble and discontent. And this not for a temporary time, but for good; for, there's no prospect for you. No prospect that I can see, as I'm a living woman. That's what your friends, as you call 'em, have done for you, and for thousands and thousands beside you. I don't care what they mean; let it be that they meant well by you, and that you meant well—as I'm sure you did—in listening to 'em: the result is what I've said. And you are standing here this day, ruined men."

Mr. Poole raved fiercely. "What is to become of you and of the others ruined like you, the Lord in heaven only knows. It's a solemn question. When the best trade of the country's driven from it, there's no longer a place for workmen. Emigration, suggests some of the newspapers. Others say Emigration's over—some for the present. Any way it's a hard thing that a good workman should find no employment in his native land, but must be packed off from it, something like as if he was transported, to be a exile forever."

Poole, not liking the picture, broke into a furious oath or two. The others looked sad enough.

"You've been drinking, Poole," said Mrs. Gass with dignity. "Keep a civil tongue in your mouth before me if you please."

"I've not had no more nor half-a-pint," growled Poole.

"And that was half-a-pint too much," said Mrs. Gass. "When people's insides are reduced by famine, half a pint is enough to upset their brains in a morning."

"What business have Richard North to go and engage them frogs o' Frenchmen?" demanded Poole—who had in truth taken too much for his good. "What business have them other ratted fellows, as ought to have stuck by us, to go back to him? It's Richard North as wants to be transported."

"Richard North was a good master to you. The world never saw a better."

"He's a rank bad man now."

"No, no—drat th' tongue!" put in Kettler to Poole. "No good to abuse him."

"If you men had had a spark of gratitude, you'd have listened to Mr. Richard North, when he prayed you to go back to him," said Mrs. Gass. "No, you wouldn't; and what has it done for him? Why just ruined him, my men; 'most as bare as you be ruined. It has took his hopes from him; it has wasted his money, what little he had; it has played the very dickens with his prospects. The business he had before never will and never can come back. If once you split a mirror to pieces, you can't put it together again. Mr. Richard has got a life of work to look forward to; he may get a living, but he won't do much more. You men have at least the satisfaction of knowing that what you did for your own prosperity, you did also for his."

They had talked so long—for there has been no space to record all that passed—that it was hard upon one o'clock, and the small

band of workmen and the two policemen were coming back again towards the work. The malignant look across on Poole's face; a savage growl stuck in his throat.

"There'll be mischief yet," thought Mrs. Gass, as she turned away.

Sounds of a woman's sobbing were proceeding from an open door as she went down North street, and Mrs. Gass stopped in to see what might be the matter. They came from Dawson's wife. Dawson had been beating her. The unhappy state to which they were reduced by the temper of the men—of the women also, for that matter—rendering some of them little better than ferocious beasts. In the old days when Dawson could keep himself and family in plenty, never a cross word had been heard from him; but all that was changed; and under the new order of things, it often came to blows. The wife had now been struck in the eye, smarting under that, under like of body and ill of mind, the woman enlarged on her wrongs to Mrs. Gass, and showed the mark; all of which at another time she would certainly have concealed. The home was miserably bare; the children, wan and thin, were in tears like their mother; it was a comprehensive picture of wretchedness.

"And all through them lot o' idiots having shrewd up their work at the dictates of the Trades' Union!" was the wretched comment of Mrs. Gass as she departed. "They've done for themselves in this world; and to judge by the unchristian lives they be living, seem to be going on for the chance of doing for themselves in the next."

As she reached her own home, the smart household was showing Miss Dallery out of it. That young lady, making a call on Mrs. Gass, had waited for her a short time and was going away. They now went in together. Mrs. Gass, throwing open the door of her handsome drawing-room, began recounting in full the events of the morning; and she had heard, what soon.

"There'll be mischief done as sure as a gun," she concluded. "My belief is, that some of 'em would kill Mr. Richard if they got the chance."

Mary Dallery looked startled. "Kill him," she cried. "Why he has been their good friend always. He would have been so still, had they only let him."

"He's a better friend to 'em still than they know of," said Mrs. Gass, nodding her head. "Miss Mary, if ever there was a Christian man on earth, it is Richard North. His whole life has been one long thought for others. Who has kept up Dallery Hall but him? Who would have worked and slaved on and on, not for benefit to himself, but to maintain his father's home, finding money to save his poor father pain, knowing that the old man had already more than he could bear? At Mr. Richard's age he ought, before this, to have been making a home for himself and marrying; it's what he would have done under happier circumstances; but he has not been able; he has sacrificed himself for others. He has done more for the men than they think of; ay, even at the time that they were bringing ruin upon him—they have done—and since. Richard North is worth his weight in gold. Heaven, that sees all, knows he is; and he will some time surely be rewarded for it. It may not be in this world, my dear; for a great many of God's own best people go down to their very graves in nothing but disappointment and sorrow; but he'll find it in the next."

Never a word answered Mary Dallery. It might almost have been thought from her silence she did not subscribe to the sentiments. All she said was, that she must go. And Mrs. Gass went with her to the front door, talking. They had nearly reached it, when Miss Dallery stopped to put a question, lowering her voice as she did so.

"Have you heard any rumor about Dr. Rane?"

Mrs. Gass knew what must be meant as certainly as though it had been spoken. She turned cold, and hot, and cold again. For once her ready tongue failed her.

"It is something very dreadful," continued Miss Dallery. "I do not like to speak it out. It—it has frightened me."

"Lawk, my dear, don't you pay no attention to such rubbish as rumors," returned Mrs. Gass heartily. "I don't. Folks say all sorts of things of me, I make little doubt; just as they be ready to do of other people. Let 'em. We shall sleep none the worse for it. Good-by. I wish you 'd have stayed to take a mouthful of my dinner. It's as lovely a turkey-poult as ever you saw and a jam dumpling."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DAYS OF PAIN.

Facing the shrubby walk at Dallery Hall, a warm gray woollen shawl wrapped closely round her, clipping the narrow crape tufts of her flowing black silk dress, and her pale, sweet, and face turned up to the lowering sky, was Ellen Adair. The weather, cold and dull, gave tokens of coming winter. The last scattered leaves left on the nearly bare trees fell fluttering to the earth; the wind, sighing through the branches, had a melancholy sound. All things seemed to speak of decay.

This ungenial cold had brought some complication with it. Just as Sir Nash Bohun was about to quit Dallery Hall, taking Arthur with him, the black wind struck him in an unguarded moment, and laid him up with inflammation of the chest. He took to his bed. One of the results was, that Arthur Bohun must remain at the Hall, and knew not how long he might have to be a fixture there. Sir Nash would not part with him. He had taken to regard him quite as his son. Ellen Adair thought Fate was very cruel to her, taking one thing with another. And so it was. While they were together, she could not begin to forget him; and, to see him so continually with Mary Dallery, brought to her the keenest pain. She was but human; jealousy avowed her just as it does other people.

Another thing was beginning to trouble her—she did not hear from Mr. Adair. It was very strange. Never a letter had come from him since that one containing the permission to wed Arthur Bohun (as Mrs. Cumberland had read it) received at Euston. Ellen could not understand the silence—her father had never so write so regularly.

"He ought not to remain here," she murmured passionately as she walked, gliding to Arthur Bohun. "I cannot help myself; I have no where else to go; but he ought to go in spite of Sir Nash."

A gray tinged seemed to float over and settle in the sky; the shrubby seemed to grow darker. It was but the first advent of dusk, coming on early that melancholy evening.

"Will there ever be any brightness in my life again?" she continued, clasping her hands in pain. "Is this misery to last forever? Did any one, I wonder, ever go

through such a trial, and live? Honestly. I am afraid I am not very strong to bear things. But oh—who could bear it! Last night I dreamt that Arthur came smiling to me, and said 'I have only been playing with you, Ellen; how could you think it was any thing else?'—and in the strange turmoil of joy that rushed over me I awoke. For a few minutes, when remembrance rushed over me, I thought I should have died with the pain. If I could but have remained in the dream forever!"

She sat down on one of the benches, and bent her aching brow on her hands. What with the gloom around, and her dark dress, some one who had turned into the walk, came muttering on without observing her. Arthur Bohun. He started when she raised her head; his face was every whit as pale and sad as hers; but he could not help seeing how ill and woe-begone she looked.

"I fear you are not well," he stopped to say.

"Oh—thank you—not very," was the confused reply.

"This is a trying time. Heaven knows I would save you from it if I could. I would have died to spare you. I would die still if by that means things for you could be righted. But it may not be. Time alone must be the healer."

He had said this in rather a hard tone, as if he were angry with somebody or other; perhaps with himself, as he went on his way with a gloomier step. Leaving never a touch of the hand; never a loving word; never a tender look behind him. Just as it had been that day in the Dallery church-yard. Poor girl! her heart felt as though it were breaking then and then.

When the echo of his footsteps had died away, she drew her shawl closer round her slender throat, and passed out of the shrubbery. Hovering in a cream walk, unseen and unperceived, was Madam. Not often did Madam allow herself to be off the watch. She had scanned the exit of Captain Bohun; she now saw Ellen's; and Madam's evil spirit rose up within her, and she advanced with an awful frown.

"Have you been walking with Captain Bohun, Miss Adair?"

"No, Madam."

"I thought I heard him talking with you."

"He came through the shrubbery when I was sitting there, and spoke to me in passing."

"Ah," said Madam. "It is well to be cautious. Captain Bohun is to marry Miss Dallery, remember; the less any other young woman has to say to him the better."

To this speech rather remarkable as coming from one who professed to be a gentlewoman—Ellen made no reply, save a bow as she passed onwards, with an erect head and self-possessed step, leaving Madam to her devices.

They seemed to be at her on all sides. There was no comfort anywhere, no solace. Ellen could have envied Betsy Rane in her grave.

And the face that had to be kept up before the world! That very evening, as fate had it, Captain Bohun took Miss Adair in to dinner, and sat next her, through some well-intentioned blundering of Richard's. It had pleased Madam to invite a party, some seven or eight; it did not please Mr. North to come in to dinner, as he had been expected to do. Richard had to be host, and to take in a stout lady in green velvet, who was to have fallen to his father. There was a minute's confusion; Madam had gone on; Richard jerked the wrong people together, as if he were shaking up beans in a bag; and finally said aloud, Arthur will you take in Miss Adair. And so they sat side by side, and no body observed that they did not converse (for that consisted of perhaps three monosyllables throughout the meal,) or that anything was wrong. It is curious, the length of time that two people may live estranged from each other in a household, and the rest suspect it not. Have you ever noticed this?—or tried it? It is remarkable, but very true.

After dinner came the drawing-room; and the evening was a more social one than had been known of late. Music, cards, talking. Young Mr. Titchell (a relation of the old bankers at Whitborough) was there; he had one of the sweetest voices ever accorded to man, and delighted them with his unaffected singing. One song, that he chose after a few jesting words with Ellen, in allusion to her name, two of them at least had not been heard for. "Ellen Adair." Neither had heard it since that evening at Euston; so long past now, in the events that had followed, that it seemed to be removed from them by ages.

They had to listen. They could not do else. Ellen sat at the corner of the sofa, in her pretty black net dress, with its one white flower, that Mr. North had given her, in the middle of the corsage, and nothing at all, as usual, in her rich, brown hair; as was leaning against the wall at right angles to her, his arms folded. And the verses went on to the last one.

"But now thou art cold to me, Ellen Adair;

But now thou art cold to me, Ellen, my dear!

Yet her I love so well, Still in my heart shall dwell: Oh, I shall never forget Ellen Adair."

She could not help it. Had it been to save her life, she could not have helped lifting her face and glancing at him as the refrain died away. His eyes were fixed on her with a wistful yearning expression in their depths; an expression so sad that in itself it was all that can be conceived of pain. Ellen dropped her face again; her agitation at that moment seeming greater than she knew how to suppress.

"You look as if you had all the cares of the nation on your shoulders, Arthur."

He started at the address, which came from Miss Dallery. She had gone close up to him. Rallying his senses, he smiled and answered carelessly. The next minute Ellen saw them walking across the room together, her hand within his arm.

The morning following this, Jilly made her appearance at the Hall, bringing up two letters. The one was from Australia—from Mr. Adair. One was addressed to Mrs. Cumberland, the other to Ellen. Dr. Rane had made Jilly bring them both; he considered that Miss Adair was now the only proper person to open Mr. Adair's letters. Ellen carried it to Mr. North, asking if she ought to open it—if it would be right. Certainly, Mr. North answered, and confirmed the view Dr. Rane had taken, as conveyed in the message brought by Jilly.

Ellen carried the two letters to a remote and solitary spot in the garden, one that she was fond of frequenting, and in which she had never yet been intruded upon. She

opened her own first; and there read what astonished her.

It appeared that after the despatch of Mr. Adair's last letter to Mrs. Cumberland (the one so slowly attended to, that she had read with so much satisfaction to Arthur Bohun at Euston,) he had been called from his station on business, and had remained absent some two or three months. Upon his return he found other letters awaiting him from Mrs. Cumberland, and learned, to his astonishment, that the gentleman proposing marriage to Ellen was Arthur Bohun, son of the Major Bohun with whom Mr. Adair had once been intimate. (The reader has not forgotten how Mrs. Cumberland jumbled matters together in her mind, or that in her first letter she omitted to mention any name.) Dashing off some peremptory lines to Ellen—these she was now reading—Mr. Adair retracted his former consent. He absolutely forbade her to marry, or even think again of Arthur Bohun; a marriage between them would be nothing less than a calamity for both, he wrote, and also for himself. He added that in consequence of some unexpected deaths in his family, he had become its head, and was making preparations to come to England.

Wondering, trembling, Ellen dropped the letter, and opened Mrs. Cumberland's. An envelope fell from it: a draft for a large sum of money, which, as it appeared, Mrs. Cumberland was in the habit of receiving half-yearly for her charge of Ellen. Mr. Adair wrote in still more explicit terms on the subject of the proposed marriage to Mrs. Cumberland, almost in angry tone. She, of all people, he said, ought to know that a marriage between his daughter and the late Major Bohun's son would be unavailing, improper, and most disastrous to himself. He did not understand how Mrs. Cumberland could have laid any such proposal before him, or allowed herself to think of it for a moment; unless, indeed, she had never been made acquainted with certain facts of the past connected with himself and Major Bohun, and Major Bohun's wife, which Cumberland had known well. He concluded by saying, as he had to Ellen, that he hoped to be shortly in England. Both the letters had evidently been written in great haste and much perturbation; all minor matters being accounted as nothing, compared with the distinct and stern embargo laid on the marriage.

"So it has happened for the best," murmured Ellen, to her breaking heart, as she folded up the letters and laid them away. She took the draft to Mr. North's parlor. He put on his spectacles and mastered its meaning by the help of some questions to Ellen.

"A hundred and fifty pounds for six months!" exclaimed he. "But surely, my dear, Mrs. Cumberland did not have three hundred a year with you! It's a vast sum—just for one young lady."

"She had two hundred, I think," said Ellen. "I did not know what the exact sum was until to-day: Mrs. Cumberland never used to talk to me about these matters. Papa allows me for myself fifty pounds every half year. Mrs. Cumberland always gave me that."

"Ah," said Mr. North. "That's a great deal, too."

"Will you please to take the draft, sir; and let me have the fifty pounds from it as your convenience?"

Mr. North looked up, as one who does not understand.

"The money is not for me, child."

"But I am staying here," she said, deprecatingly.

He shook his head as he pushed back the slip of paper.

"Give it to Richard, my dear. He will know what to do about it, and what is right to be done. And so your father is coming home! We shall be sorry to lose you, Ellen. I am getting to love you, child. It seems that you have come in the place of my poor Betsy."

But Ellen was not sorry. The arrival of Mr. Adair would at least remove her from her present position, where every hour, as it passed, could but bring fresh pain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction. PROTECTION FOR SOLDIERS.—Many of the Prussian soldiers wear underneath their shirts a piece of sole-leather, about ten inches square, which is hard enough to turn a bullet, unless struck perpendicularly, and is a good defence against the lance or sabre.

Carpenters and masons get fifty-four cents a day in the cities of Sweden—but fifty cents will buy more in Sweden, than five times that sum would in this country.

Lady.—"Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you, are broken."

Upholder.—"Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for this, is that some one must have been sitting on them."

The Pullman Palace Car Company, organized in 1867 with a capital of \$1,000,000, has now increased it to \$3,000,000. It runs its cars over fifteen thousand miles of railroads, and employs about three thousand men.

Muscataine, Iowa, has a man who offers to wager that he can whip any dog in town with his teeth. He proposes to have his hands tied behind him.

A victim of unrequited affection, concludes as follows:—

"I sat me down and thought profound; This martyr was I drew: It's easier far to like a girl Than make a girl like you."

In the hands of a French officer who died on the battle-field at Worth, was found a letter, all crumpled and blackened by the fire and smoke which had surrounded it. The circumstances render it peculiarly touching. The following is a translation:—

"MY DEAR PAPA.—Since thou hast left I do not cease to think of thee. I am so sad, not to be able to see thee, and kiss thee every morning; but I hope much that God will preserve thy health, and that thou wilt return soon to kiss thy daughter. I am very good in order to make up a little to mamma for thy absence. Adieu, best beloved papa! I embrace thee very tenderly. Thy daughter, who loves thee."

MARGUERITE. "He maketh my feet like hind's feet." A negro preacher read it "hem's feet," and proceeded to say "dat a hen in the henroost, when it falls asleep, tightens its grip so's not to fall off. And dat's how true faith, my brethren, holds on to the rock."

An old maid says a woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is a true tongue as a baby, adds an old bachelor.

